

PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOUNG ORATORS

James W. Berry Takes First Davis Honors at University Contest.

The Columbian College of George Washington University has awarded to James William Berry, Joseph Ryland Curl, and Trench Trilham Marye, respectively, the first, second, and third Davis elocutionary prizes, following a custom established in 1847, when Isaac Davis net aside a sum, the interest of which each year was to provide prizes for those most proficient in elocution.

The judges of the 1909 contest, held last night in the university hall, were Prof. Julien C. Monnet of the law department; E. M. Wilson, principal of the Central High School, and Allen D. Albert, Jr.

Berry spoke on "Postal Savings Banks." Mr. Curl, winner of the second prize, delivered an address on "The Nation's Debt to Hamilton," and Mr. Marye spoke on "A Memorable Session of Congress." According to the wishes of Mr. Davis, the winner may choose either medal or money, the first prize being \$15, the second \$10, and the third \$5.

Other addresses were delivered by Miss Mildred Floyd Johnston on "The Ethics of College Students," and Elizabeth F. W. Davis, who spoke on "Evolution in Government of the United States." Miss Elizabeth Wilbur played violin solos during the dinner, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. J. W. Rawlings. The Calumet Club of the university also entertained with several selections.

DEBATE TO DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Final Contest Between Washington and Baltimore Orators Comes Saturday Night.

The date for the third and final inter-city debate between members of the Washington and Baltimore chapters of the American Institute of Banking has been set for next Saturday evening. The contest will be held in George Washington University Hall, and will decide the winner of the silver loving cup, donated by past presidents of the Washington chapter.

The question chosen for next Saturday is, "Resolved, That express companies should be prohibited from selling exchange in the form of money orders, letters of credit and travelers' checks and drafts."

The Washington team, composed of Samuel J. Henry, Frank B. Devereux and E. B. Fawcett, have the negative. The Baltimore speakers will be George W. Collins, Edwin W. Adams and William P. Carter.

WASHINGTON SAW A CENTURY AHEAD

Judge Bundy Talks on Father of Country as a Dreamer.

George Washington as a dreamer, who foresaw the steamboat and the Erie canal, and was responsible for the plan upon which L'Enfant laid out Washington, was discussed by Judge Charles L. Bundy at the meeting of the Columbia Historical Society last evening.

A quarter of a century before Fulton's success on the Hudson, Washington was interested in experiments with steam on the Potomac, conducted by an inventor named James Ramsay. In his dreams, declared Judge Bundy, Washington saw accurately a century into the future.

A feature of the meeting was an address on "The History of Kalorama," by Mrs. Cora Bacon Foster.

LAWYERS EMIGRATE FROM SOUTH DAKOTA

Repeal of Divorce Laws Drives Half Legal Lights in the State Out.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 14.—No more ready-to-wear divorces being obtainable in South Dakota, the business of the lawyers and legal keepers who have thrived at the expense of poorly matched couples from all sections of the United States, are leaving the "promised land" and settling in more hospitable places where it has become necessary for them to get jobs and work for a living.

Since the repeal of the easy divorce laws of South Dakota it is estimated that at least half of the lawyers in the State have emigrated. It is also estimated that there will be less than one-seventh the number of divorces granted in the State this year than in previous years.

TAFI TO ATTEND CHAMPLAIN FETE

ALBANY, N. Y., April 14.—The President, Vice President, Cardinal Gibbons, and many other distinguished persons have accepted invitations to attend the celebration of the centenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain during the week of July 4. President Taft is expected to make an address to the students at the Catholic summer school which will take part in the celebration.

"The confidence of my customers," said the Amiable Drummer, "is like haircloth in a suit of clothes—it keeps my business in shape. The only way to cultivate confidence is to sow seeds of satisfaction. My trunkful of samples are the seeds that I sow."

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The Journal of a Neglected Wife

CHAPTER V.

HAVE I been too complacent? Have I suffered in silence when I should have asserted my rights? But what can I do? He is a man that reproaches, and accusation would only embitter. I could never force back his love to me in that way. Once I put this thing into words, it would completely estrange us. I would have to go away; I could not stay and let him know that I know. Oh, if I only had the strength, the courage to go away! Strange as it may seem, every fresh proof of his infidelity instead of giving me the strength to go, only weakens me, makes me cling to him more and more. I sometimes feel that my very love for him has degraded me, that it has made me oblivious to every sense of womanly pride.

THIS morning at breakfast I broke down completely. He was sitting across from me, his paper in one hand and his coffee cup in the other. Unobserved, I was watching him, as I often do now, thrilled with a consciousness of every detail of his personality. The pose of his head and shoulders, the air of distinction with which he wore his clothes, the whiteness of his linen. The freshness of a morning bath was still about him, and now and then as I leaned forward I caught the faint fragrance of the toilet soap he always uses. It sent the blood rushing to my face as it brought back memories of the first years of our marriage, when I used to bury my face against his neck to breathe this odor partly of himself and partly of his bath. I tried to keep my eyes on my plate, but again as by a magnet they were drawn to his strong, well-shaped hand, the edge of his linen cuff, the cloth of his coat. . . . I burst into tears, caught up my napkin, and hurried sobbing from the room.

Upstairs I locked my door and threw myself on the bed. Then I heard his knock. I buried my face in the pillows to muffle the sobs. A moment later I felt his hand on my shoulder. He had gone around the other way and come in through the bath room.

"Why, Mary, what is it? What is the matter—dear?" Oh, how that "dear" hurt me—hesitating, reluctant, a concession, as it were, to bribe me from my tears.

He sat down beside the bed, and gently drew me to him. For a second I clung to him in pitiful abandonment, and yet I knew that he only held me as one would hold another that they might not fall. There may have been pity, but I could feel that there was no love in his touch. I shrunk away, and hid my face in the pillows again.

"Mary, are you ill? Tell me what it is."

"Oh, you are killing me—killing me!" I sobbed.

A hideous silence. And then:

"What do you mean?" His voice was like steel.

And I knew then, had I never known before, how useless any appeal would be—how futile to beat against this wall he had placed between us.

"Oh, I am only nervous and hysterical. I haven't been well lately, that's all," I explained hurriedly.

"You are doing me much." His voice was more kindly now. "If you

would go out more—that is why I wanted to take an apartment. I felt you would be happier and less lonely. I am going to have Doctor Martin call this afternoon."

I made no protest. I did not say that in all these years I had never been lonely before, that it was only now—now since he was always away from me. It would only have made him harder and bitter; it would not have helped.

IS there anything in life so sad as old love-letters—letters written by one who has since grown cold? Today I went through a box of letters he wrote me before our marriage—wonderful, glowing love-letters. All these years I have kept them, and now I turn back to them with some vague hope that they will comfort me.

But they only hurt me more. They have only made me feel more terribly all that I have lost.

Oh, how dead they seem! All the love and hopes and desires that they were filled with are dead now. As I read them I try to forget, to live back in that time when they were written, to thrill again with the thought of the future that lay before me then; the future that lay throbbing with his love, with the promise of all the tenderness and nearness that would be ours. Life holds nothing more beautiful than a young girl's dreams of the man she is to marry.

And my dreams came true. The first few years of our marriage I was happy beyond all words. Even when he was away from me I seemed to live every moment in the shelter of his arms; the sense of his love and protection and the bond between us was always with me.

And then that wonderful year before our child came. Oh, the tenderness—the tenderness of his love for me in that year! And then our great sorrow when it lived only a few short hours. I tried to keep much of my grief from him; in some vague way I felt that I had not fulfilled my mission. I cannot quite put it into words, and yet there was always a feeling that in the supreme test of wifehood I had failed. I have often wondered if other childless women have this same thought.

I am sure such a phase of it never occurred to him. He was very kind and gentle and did all that he could to comfort me.

I remember one day he came home earlier than usual and found me up in my room crying over some little clothes that had never been worn. He took me in his arms and begged me not to grieve so, that I must not be so hopeless, that some day the little clothes might still be needed. But they never were. Oh, if only they had been! If there had only come another child to complete our lives and our home, I feel that no one could have ever come between us.

But even if they had—I would still have had something. I would have had

the child—our child. And now I have nothing—nothing! All the beautiful dreams of my girlhood and wifehood are dead, and now I stand alone, old, childless, loveless and alone!

IHAVE been reading more of the letters. Yesterday I put them away and promised myself I would not open them again. And yet today an irresistible longing drew me to them, a sad fancy to find one written on this date, August 30th. I was not sure that there was one, for though our engagement lasted over a year, there were many days when we were together, when he did not write.

But I opened the box and looked for this date with a strange eagerness, an eagerness that was almost an anxiety—as though in some way I felt it might be some good omen—that something might follow if there was such a letter. The second envelope I picked up was postmarked August 20th. How strange! My heart beat fast. But I found no more in August until I had gone over half of them; then came one marked August 5th. I hurried on. . . . August 12th. August 18th. Then all together were a box, but none of them dated after the 20th. Only a small handful were left. I was growing sick with disappointment. When there remained but two or three more letters out of all that box, the postmark August 30th lay before me.

With trembling fingers I took it up. The envelope was empty! An empty envelope! And I had longed for some loving word—something that would comfort me—that I might take as a message now! There were a dozen or more loose letters in the bottom of the box, but none of them dated after the 20th. Only a small handful were left. I was growing sick with disappointment. When there remained but two or three more letters out of all that box, the postmark August 30th lay before me.

I was at—his glove counter today, when suddenly I was conscious of a subtle perfume strangely like . . . My heart seemed beating in my throat as I turned. Beside me was a strikingly beautiful woman having some long white gloves fitted. At that moment a silver purse slipped from her lap to the floor. As she stooped for the purse, the movement brought the odor more strongly to me, leaving no doubt of its source. Could it be . . .

I was waiting for some change, but she turned abruptly from the glove counter and walked blindly through the

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

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store. My first impulse was to get away—to hurry from the place as quickly as I could. But when I reached the street I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to go back—to see her again—just to see her! Would she still be there? I was trembling so I had hardly strength to push open the great swinging doors that led into the store.

Down one aisle, then another—yes, she was there! Again that perfume; it came to me as I neared the counter. The clerk was folding the gloves in tissue paper. "Yes, charge and send them—Mrs. A. L. Morris, Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn." I could have cried aloud with joy. It was not she—that woman was not the one! When I came home I wondered at the great relief that had swept through me. Why should the fact that it was not that woman bring me such comfort? The woman he loves should it be matter so much to me that she was not at that counter? And yet it does. Had that woman given the address on Central Park West, I should have been desperate. And the fact that she did not has filled me with joy.

September 3d.

HORACE said at breakfast that he was going to Boston tomorrow on the early morning train, and asked if I would care to go; that I could spend the day with my Cousin Edith and come back with him at midnight. Or I could stay over a day or so if I wished.

I consented gladly. I used constantly to go with him on such trips, but now he so rarely asks me, I could only feel that he really wanted me to go, as he used to, just to have me with him—but I know it is only because he has noticed my growing depression and thinks the diversion might do me good.

I am glad to go; for five hours I will sit beside him on the train, and that will be more than I have had for days.

I have heard nothing from Edith since that letter saying she was preparing to leave her husband and that the divorce proceedings would soon be published. But there has been nothing in the papers; they must have succeeded in keeping it quiet. Whatever happens, she has the consolation of two beautiful children; they will keep her life from being wholly desolate.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

A WINTER ADVENTURE.

In the storm they waited for a car. Twenty minutes they waited patiently. Then another twenty, impatiently. Till there had been nothing in the papers; they must have succeeded in keeping it quiet. Whatever happens, she has the consolation of two beautiful children; they will keep her life from being wholly desolate.

Nearer it drew. O, thanksgiving! Then, at last, over the brow of the hill poked the nose of a—

Snowplow! And still no car in sight.—Kansas City Times.

S.S.S.

CURES SKIN DISEASES

In this article we want to explain to you the cause of skin diseases, and also offer suggestions, founded on reason and experience, which will enable you to cure yourself if you are afflicted with any of the various forms of this trouble.

The skin receives its necessary nourishment from the blood. Every pore is kept open and every gland kept healthy by continually feeding on the nutritious properties which are distributed throughout the system by a pure, rich blood supply. As long as this normal condition exists the cuticle will be soft, smooth, and free from eruptions; when however the circulation is contaminated with humors and impurities its supply of nutritive properties is diminished, and it becomes a sharp, acrid fluid which diseases instead of preserves the natural health and texture of the skin.

Lying just beneath the outer covering or tissue-skin is a sensitive membranous flesh which surrounds and protects the tiny veins, pores and glands. It is here the impurities of the blood are deposited, and the acrid matter causes irritation and inflammation which splits or breaks the thin, tissue-like cuticle, and the result is outwardly manifested in Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or some other disfiguring or annoying eruptive disease.

It can readily be seen that since Skin Diseases are the result of bad blood, there can be but one way to cure them—purify the blood. Salves, washes, lotions, etc., are not able to do so, because they do not reach the blood. Such treatment is of no value except for its ability to temporarily relieve itching and assist in keeping the skin clean.

S.S.S. cures Skin Diseases of every kind by neutralizing the acids and removing all humors from the blood. S.S.S. cools the acid-heated circulation, builds it up to its normal strength and thickness, multiplies its rich, nutritious corpuscles, and adds to its purity in every way. Then the skin, instead of being irritated and inflamed by sour impurities, is nourished, soothed and softened by this cooling, healthy stream of blood. S.S.S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and therein lies its ability to cure skin diseases. The trouble cannot remain when the cause has been removed, and S.S.S. will certainly remove the cause. It cures, Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Salt Rheum, pimples, boils, blackheads, etc., and all eruptions of the skin. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice free.

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Gates open at 2:45 p. m. ap12-1f

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